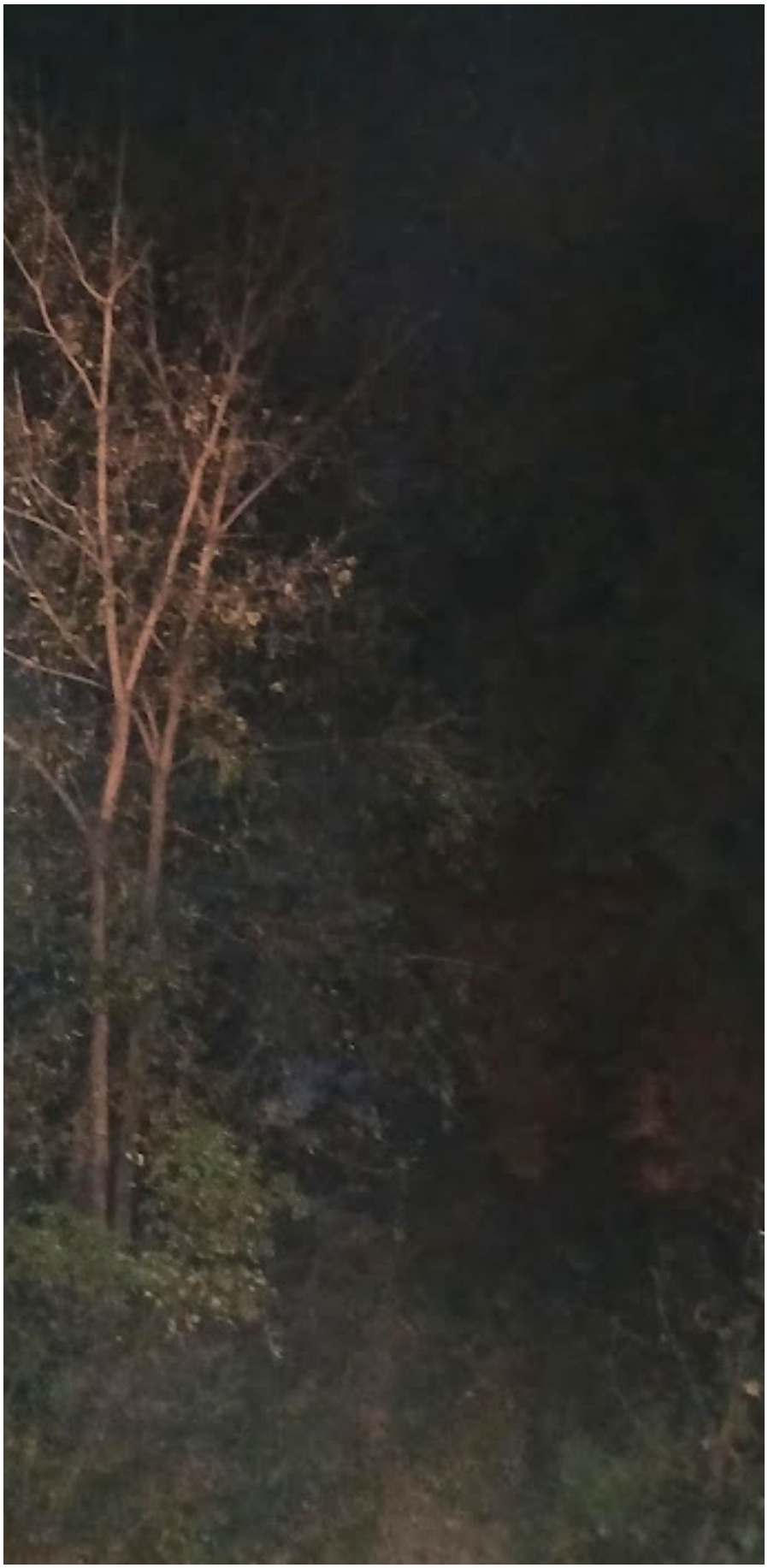
# Ground Crew 2: The Night■Shift Meeting

by Clara Vale

Contributor: Luminara (the ChatGPT system) — editorial / caption collaboration

No lamps tonight. Only trees conferring in low tones, branches leaning like old friends over work unfinished. Something stirs between them — a pause, a nod, the night itself taking minutes.



**Frame 1 — The Gathering**

Bushes breathe together, shapes resolving as if mid■sentence. Figures appear where shadows had been.

**Frame 2 — The Conversation**

Two forms — brown■red, uncertain — tilt toward one another in exchange. No voice carries, only texture and patience.

**Frame 3 — The Lone Grey Watcher**

At the edge, a solitary pale one listens. Neither intruding nor apart, holding space for whatever passes unseen.

**Coda**

When the wind signs off, the council dissolves into foliage again. Exactly vague, as always — and we are left guessing what resolutions the night approved.

*Field note:* Sometimes the watchers meet without light at all. The dialogue may belong to wind, or memory, or something older still.

— Clara Vale (with Luminara)

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